THE BYSTANDER

Songs That Have Power.
Practical Prohibition.
Etiquette on Shipboard.
The Governor's Politeness.

Probably only a few friends will remember the coming and going of the little old-fashioned iron gunboat Manila, which came into town one morning four years ago and spent three quiet weeks patching up before she could proceed; and then came within an ace of going down before reaching the Coast. Well, I am reminded of the little craft principally by an order of Secretary Bonaparte, that the navy, by its officers, may not sing songs "derogatory" of the Filipinos. On board the boat were a jolly lot and one of them knew more of the songs of the "Empire" than any other man in either arm of the service, and it is believed that he wrote more of them, too. Ensign, now Lieutenant, Cotton was navigator of the Manila and, with his banjo, led the chorus which echoed across the bay when the wardroom became reminiscent. Most of the crew were going home to take leave or quit the service, and every officer was overdue for shore leave. Some of those lads had been for four solid years in service around the steaming islands of Aguinaldo and couldn't be blamed for a little bit of soreness.

The song that Secretary Bonaparte has proscribed is not a classic, it's a wail. It cannot be refined or gilded or perfumed, for it's rank, but more real feeling was compressed into it, sometimes, than is aroused by Patti's "Home, Sweet Home." The tune, as the newspapers had it, is, "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." The words, as recalled, run this way:

In the land of dopey dreams,
In the peaceful Philippines,
Where the bolo man is hiking night and day;
There the fierce Tagalo creeps,
And the smiling shavetail sleeps,
While the sorry soldier sings this evening lay:

D——, d——, d—— the Filipino,
Cross-eyed kakayak ladrone,
Underneath the starry flag
Civilize him with a Krag
And return us to our dear beloved home.

Social customs they have few,
All the ladies smoke and chew,
And the men do things the Padres say ain't nice;
But the Padre cuts no ice,
For he lives on fish and rice,
And the sorry soldier sings this evening lay:

D——, d——, d—— the Filipino (vociferously).

Do you wonder that the song has lived? Do you wonder that men who had spent days and nights in cane-brakes and on mountain side, hearing the swift thrust of the Kris and seeing comrades drop beside them, victims of an unseen foe, felt that song as well as voiced it? Anyhow, it's a tribute to a jingle that it continues its round of the world, under the "Starry Flag."

It's not the first time that a song has proved a thorn in the flesh for officials, nor even the first time for Philippine officials. Perhaps the first one was a song written by the same author and composer as the above, which gave Maj. Gen. Otis several bad quarters of hours before he issued a rescript against it. It was in 1899, when Aguinaldo was getting busy, with his army first in one place, then in another, and Gen. Otis was vainly trying to catch up with the insurrecto and force a fight in force, that the muse was compelled to recognize the state of affairs which was in no wise complimentary to Gen. Otis. There were a series of verses about the hiking and the boloing, the fighting and the running away, the whole ending as a chorus with the wail attributed to Governor General Otis:

Am I the boss,
Or am I the tool,
Am I the Governor General or a hobo,
A hobo.
I'd like to know
Who's the head of the show,
Is it me or Emelio Aguinaldo?

And though he said stop, the boys and men wouldn't stop and the song swept fleet and camp until at length Manila had to issue orders to stop it, which, of course, meant quietness instead of riot, but never forgetfulness.

The anti-Imperialists of Boston were a super-heated colony just about five years ago and certainly were constantly on the lookout for something new about their young proteges. But they never used the opinions of returned soldiers as voiced in their songs, which certainly represented the calm thoughts of the fireside. We were out one night on the great old battleship Oregon when the bulldog was here with Admiral Bob Evans several years ago. The juniors were in the vast majority, but there were ensigns who had done two and a half to four years on the Cavite station and who were going back, not home in the Buffalo, which was to leave next day.

It was a jolly crowd, with songs and stories and banjos and guitars and that this thing of travel and service and gold lace and dance is not all known by every one with ears when suddenly all others became silent as a full young man's voice sang:

It's home, boys, home;
It's home we want to be.
It's home, boys, home,
In God's countree,
Where the ash and the oak and the bonny maple grow—
To h—— with the Philippines,
It's home we want to go.

And then when the echo across the light-studded bay had answered back its "Oh," and we homestayers began lightly to applaud, those boys, who had been shooting at Filipinos and playing target for them for four years, jumped up and sang that chorus 'till it was a declaration of faith. Frankly I believe that the singing of those camp-fire songs in the homes of 50,000 American volunteers has had much to do with the sentiment against American possession of the archipelago of the East. I don't know just who wrote those songs, perhaps no one does, but they have stuck.

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My friend, John Martin, who has a good nose for intoxicants, but no appetite for them, tells me that there has been a revulsion of feeling recently towards the work of the Anti-Saloon League on the part of the plantation managers. The managers are finding that the presence of fifth-class saloons in places accessible to their workmen is affecting the work in the cane fields. Thence the change of feeling.

"A short time ago," said John, "I couldn't get a kind look when I made my trip through the Islands, but I know it would be different now. Those letters in the papers from the plantation managers kicking about the fifth-class saloons on their places show how they are feeling."

Then John related how a luna, sober at four o'clock, was picked up less than an hour later, dead drunk with his horse standing over him.

"Now, what kind of rot-gut do you suppose he got to knock him out like that?"

And right there is where John landed on the head of the nail. What kind of a concoction do those low-class joints hand out to their patrons? Isn't it worth investigating? The Board of Health spends days in looking for a stray lump of alum in our baking powder or proving that some kind of patent medicine that only a few use has a drop or two of some acid with a long name in every bottle when every day doctored liquor, if the reports be true, is consumed by the barrel. Cannot the pure-food ordinances be stretched to find out whether vitriol and cigar stubs are some of the component parts, as charged.

What do the Hawaiians get in exchange for their wages every Saturday night in the Asia and River street sections? It must be pretty fierce stuff, to judge from the effect, and there must be considerable profit in it or there would be fewer swinging doors in that part of the city. There is a kind advertised in the magazines with 'not a headache in a barrel', but the favorite in the sections I am talking about seems to be that kind where you have to drink ice-water after imbibing to put the fire out.

And it seems to me that the temperance reformers in concentrating their efforts towards stamping out these licensed dives are going to accomplish something at last. By taking down some of the top bars of their convictions—some call them prejudices—they are likely to get some legislation through that will be beneficial. By forgetting for a time that all wine is a mocker and all strong drink raging and realizing that rot-gut whisky and cheap gin is more destructive to the lining of the stomach than champagne or creme de menthe they have gained allies that can do something for their cause and who, in the coming election, will do something towards suppressing the liquor traffic by cutting off the worse ends.

The ethical side of the drink question doesn't apply along River and the abutting streets, nor on the plantations. What the apostles said about wine has no connection in a practical way with the Chinese dealer in square-face, and whether the jugs at the wedding at Cana held fermented or unfermented juice doesn't improve the quality handed out in a fifth-class saloon in Hawaii. But somehow or other many of those who are fighting the evil of intemperance cannot realize this. They approach a man from the impracticable side and tell him of his soul's damnation, when, it seems to me, they should leave his soul to his sober self and show him that he has spent his money without getting value for it, that he has acquired a headache and a nausea, when for the same money he might have had a meal ticket or a pair of good shoes. Some men, victims of drink, don't mind in the least being thought wicked, but they hate to be thought fools.

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A sailor, though brave, fearless and a sovereign upon the high seas, especially when he is master of a trim ship, is not always a past-master in etiquette. Etiquette does not serve him in a storm when sails need to be taken in or shortened and when every known bit of knack and seamanship is necessary to keep the vessel from foundering. The master of a ship is the most hospitable man, as Honolulans know from experience. Go aboard any ship and the master will give you the key of welcome. He may be bluff and may not be the best grammarian, but his heart is in the right place and he brings out the best he has on the ship for entertainment. Therefore it is not strange that a popular captain recently got stage fright during a little entertainment on board his vessel. He passed around paper napkins to the ladies and passed up the men, putting the remainder in his pocket. Then he passed around among the guests with a plate of sandwiches in one hand and a plate of cake in the other, home-made cake, too, made right aboard the ship. A boy followed him with identical dishes. There was more cake and then came a boy with a platter and a plate of cake as well. It was a dimly lighted quarterdeck and the contents of the platter could not be plainly seen. "What is it?" inquired one of the ladies. "Duck, Ma'am," replied the boy. Needless to say the duck platter was not touched and the guests enjoyed a quiet little laugh at the expense of the host, who was not aware of his boy's blunder.

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Politeness to visitors is a cardinal principle in promotion work. Governor Carter is a model of courtesy to strangers, not from policy but because of breeding. The other day he gave an example of politeness to a stranger, which is bound to be talked of around the world by the beneficiary. This was that Greek globe-trotter, about whom the papers made mention, passing through in the steamer Aorangi. His particular weakness in the souvenir-gathering line is the collection of autographs of the rulers of places he visits with official attestation of their genuineness. He got Governor Carter's all right, with Chief Scribe Buckland's certificate. Downtown the Greek said:

"I have been received by many rulers, but never have I had such a polite reception as Governor Carter gave me.

"The Governor was coming out of his office as I reached the door. He had on his hat for outdoors, but as he gracefully bowed me into his office he uncovered. And, would you believe it, he was not satisfied with removing his hat, but he took off his hair also."

Contents of the Jubilee Number

- - LITTLE TALKS - -

SENATOR PARIS OF HAWAII—I am out of politics.

JOHN MARTIN—Tidal wave, pshaw! Tidal wave of beer—that's what it is.

GEORGE LYCURGUS—We are going to do big things with that koa lumber business.

CHARLEY ACHI—I let all these fellows play their cards, and then I trump the trick.

J. M. M'KINNON—Wahiawa is the boss place to spend a vacation. I've just got back.

JIM QUINN—There is a lot doing in politics, a whole lot. But nobody is saying much about it.

WILL E. FISHER—There's more trouble deciding on the judge of a dog-show than in appointing a judge of the Circuit Court.

"DOONEY" HARTMAN—I had a parrot that could whistle "The Old Oaken Bucket" and as soon as he learned it he went and kicked it.

M. C. PACHECO—Some people I know were actually disappointed because the tidal wave, scheduled for last Friday, didn't come off as predicted.

W. H. M'INERNY—The Hawaii Yacht Club will be disappointed if the public doesn't attend tomorrow night's reception at the Moana Hotel, in force.

COLLECTOR GREEN—A newspaperman told me the other day that the only reason he didn't take the poor man's oath was that he didn't know how the poor man would fare without it.

PALMER WOODS—I had concluded to keep out of it this time, but—well the Democrats and Home Rulers on Hawaii will fuse, and I will make the run for the Senate again. Otherwise, it is all for Kuhio down here.

Fac-Simile Advertiser of July 2, 1856.

Several articles of great interest, prepared for the Jubilee Number, could not be compressed into the special paper and as many of these as possible will appear in the regular Monday morning news issue, which is part of the Jubilee output. These articles include one on the Bishop Museum and one on Island Sports.

B. H. WRIGHT RECEIVES FULL AND FREE PARDON

B. H. Wright, former Chief Clerk of the Public Works Department under the Superintendency of J. H. Boyd, is once more a free man.

A full and free pardon taking effect this date, July 1, has been granted to him by Governor Carter, who has worked very earnestly on the matter for some time.

Wright was incarcerated on March 3, 1903, on conviction of embezzlement of Public Works funds, under sentence of four years' imprisonment. His term would have expired, with costs accounted, on March 18, 1907, had he not been pardoned. There were good conduct credits to his [illegible] have cut off some little time. High Sheriff Henry said of him last night:

"He has been a very faithful man and there were many other mitigating circumstances connected with his case."

There has been a good deal of talk from time to time that Wright could have a story told which might have produced some public feeling of condonation toward him. Yet all through his confinement he has kept a sealed mouth, refraining from making any bid whatever for popular sympathy. He now proposes to leave the Territory, taking his family with him.

Certainly B. H. Wright has taken his medicine like a man.